

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

The shepherd giveth
his life for the sheep.
John 10:11

Haugen, Rev. A. K.
dec 43

Volume 19

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No. 8

Sermon for Easter Sunday

POWER FOR YOU.

Lesson: Ephesians 1: 15—23.

Read all nine verses of our text. Reread them. Then read them again. Let the contents sink deep into your heart.

You will see that Paul is summarizing his prayer for the Christians at Ephesus. And as he summarizes he also prays. One of the things he prays is that they may know "the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe; according to the working of His mighty power which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead" (v. 18—20).

His prayer here is not for the unbeliever who has not yet been risen with Christ to a newness of life (Rom. 6:4; Col. 2:12). The unconverted is still dead. How can a dead person know anything? His first need is life. Our prayer for him then must first be for life in Christ—faith through the power of the resurrected Lord and Savior. And let not the Christian neglect this God-given mission and opportunity of praying for the unsaved. Pray for the heathen in lands where the Gospel has as yet scarcely begun to shine. Pray for the many in our Gospel-lighted land whose cold and unresponsive hearts are shrouded in the pagan darkness of impenitence and unbelief—those who only know of Easter as a season of the year, or a sign of an early or late spring, or a time for fashion displays, and in whose life Christ and His cross have given place to eggs and bunnies. Some of these poor souls will make their semi-annual visits to church again this Easter. Pray that the glorious light of the resurrected Lord may shine into their hearts. May many find life in Christ and rejoice in His saving power on Easter morning.

But Paul's prayer here is for the Christian—that me may know "what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe". The Christian needs to know the exceeding greatness of this power, but so many do not. That accounts for the faint-hearted, discouraged, defeated Christians, who instead of being a force have become a dead-weight even hampering the power of His Church. Such hinder the progress of the Kingdom they have been sent to build, and dishonor the Name they have been called to glorify. By their unbelief they have limited God, by their lack of love they have offended and estranged man. Do you wonder that people are asking such question as: Why has Christianity failed? Why should I become Christian? If the problems that face us today are to be solved there must be work done—tremendous work. And if work is to be done there must be power to do it. God has called His Church, the believer, the Christian to do this work. But He does not expect us to do it in our own strength. He knows our utter weakness and frailty. But He tells us to work and promises that He has promised to supply the power. Or, we doubt His promise to give power, and put ourselves in such a position that we can not receive it. Like the foolish Galatians, having begun in the Spirit we expect to finish by the flesh (Gal. 3:3). Having begun in God's strength, we expect to bring things to a successful completion in our own. Then, when failure comes to us and we realize the mountainous obstacles confronting us, (which we so lightly considered before), we lack the faith in Christ that moves mountains. Though God meant us to be victorious we are vanquished.

Make no mistake, the obstacles in our way are even larger and more impossible than you think. Face the facts, do not minimize them. But after you have surveyed the tangled and insoluble problems—look up to God. Look at the Lamb of God Who in His humiliation suffered death for all our sins. Consider the exceeding greatness of the power that raised Him from such a death "and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is

What Easter Means

What does Easter mean to us and to the world? Does it merely represent a time of the year set aside for the buying new hats and frocks, or for participating in egg-eating contests? Is it merely the keeping of an old custom?

If our hearts are tuned aright, I think we will agree that Easter is of far greater significance than that. First and foremost it is a celebration in remembrance of the Resurrection of our Lord. Further, it represents that time of year when nature, lying dormant for many months, bursts into brilliant life once more.

All things are breaking forth into newness of life. The buds and blossoms appear in uncountable numbers; the green grass springs beneath our feet, and the singing birds fill the woods and valleys with their gay song. Newly mated birds hasten to and fro with twig, leaf, and feather for the building of the first home. Fresh streams of water flow toward the river.

In the forest, newborn Spring is greeted by the chipmunk, the squirrel and the bear. Everywhere there is evidence of Spring. The cattle wander aimlessly about the fields, not satisfied with the dry winter feed, but unable yet to find enough fresh green grass. They, as well as all other creatures, realize that soon they will be enjoying the abundance of nature.

Yes Easter is a reality, an assurance that comes to us each Spring with the unfolding buds and the song of the birds—that after Winter comes Spring—after death comes Life. This is the message of Easter. Let us prepare ourselves to read the great meaning of Easter and prepare our hearts to receive Him in whose memory and presence it is celebrated. By receiving Him into our hearts we will have a resurrected character, and will then be able to respond fittingly to the newness of life that gladdens our hearts at this season.

Mrs. Martin Lowry,
Kingman, Alta.

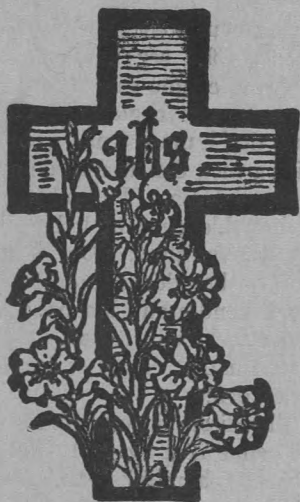
Were you there?

I wonder of who made the cross
On which my Saviour died
Who nailed in place the shorter piece
Across the upright wide?
That timber was a worthy thing —
So tall and straight and true;
It never would have been a cross,
If left the way it grew.
'Twas human hands that fashioned it
With arrogance supreme,
That dared across that perfect thing
To fix a lesser beam.
Oh, woe to him, whose 'er it was
Performed that cruelty!
I censure, yet I pity him,
For I am base as he:
This very day I made a cross
And on it crucified
My Lord, with spikes in feet and hands,
A spear-thrust in His side.
Across His purpose in my life,
So merciful and true,
I set my weak and stubborn will
And tortured him anew.

In Lutheran Companion, from
World Call.

named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be head over all things to the church". See how Christ's resurrection is God's pledge to us that the same power is available and sufficient for all our need. Here is ample power for our Christian life here below, ample assurance of a resurrection to eternal glory.

Defeated and powerless Christian, read this text again. Commit it to memory. Meditate on it. Believe it. Pray it for yourself, and trust the Lord to hear your prayer. A Joyful and victorious Easter to you in the name of the Risen Christ. Amen.
—A. K. H.



Risen Hands

Eleanor Mussawir

*It was His hands they hated so,
That made them want to kill,
For in His hands they saw a power
That only death could still.*

*They could not bear to see His hands
Bless children as they played;
It made them scoff to see them wrung
In anguish as He prayed.*

*When Mary's lips in penitence
The hands of Jesus pressed,
They could not hide the bitterness
That surged within their breast.*

*They scorned the hand that to the sick
Their sight and healing gave,
And silently they cursed the hand
That brought men from the grave.*

*And so at last they nailed His hands
Secure upon a tree,
And gloated in their cunning hearts
That there they'd useless be.*

*But hands like Christ's could not be stilled
Though laid beneath the sod,
And now triumphant, risen hands
Still beckon men to God.*

An Observation

Looking at an Easter Lily plant today (Sunday after Easter) the thought came: "Is our religion like that plan? On Easter Sunday is flourishes so beautifully and is so fragrant, but on Sunday after Easter the blossoms begin to wither and droop and become faded sacks, dropping to pieces. The lily is no longer ornamental, the fragrance is gone, and the plant is set aside and forgotten."

But that may not be the whole story. The bulb is still alive. Tender hands are going to take care of it. Faith, hope and love look forward to a morning when it shall bloom again. There shall be another Easter Day. Those lilies shall rise again and tell once more of "the Resurrection and the Life."
—CJS.

The greatest temple ever erected in this world is that in which dwells the human soul.



To Suffer and Die

"And die?" "And die?"
Be buried, planted, sown
In the fearsome dark, alone?
Ah, Lord, it is a bitter word
My soul hath heard!
'Much fruit' I fain would bear,
But this, canst Thou not spare—
The Cross—the grave—the night?
Oh, leave me light!
Is there no other way?
I love the day.

Hush, my beloved,
Come closer to My heart,
That love may strength impart.
'Tis an eternal word
Thy soul hath heard.
It is a royal way—
God's way—Life's way—Love's way.
I could not spare it Me,
Nor can I thee.
Wilt bide for aye 'alone',
Or for Love's sake be sown?

"And yet! And yet!
Death, it has lost its sting;
The grave, its victory.
Buried with Him, life springs everlastingly.
Two ways may life be spent:
If unto self—Death lies before:
If unto Christ—Life evermore!

"The grain must needs be sown,
Lest it abide alone.
'Tis an eternal Word.
Buried, risen, grafted
In Him, much fruit we bear.
No tomb, no gloom,
With Him, in Him, is Light,
Not night. Alone—we cannot be."

There has been no reduction in the wages of sin. —Dr. C. B. Ylvisaker.



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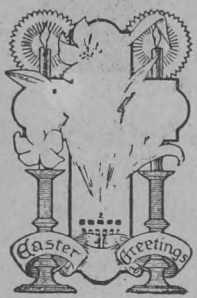
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"He is Risen"

Only three words! When first spoken by the empty tomb by the Heavenly messengers it must have reverberated in the heavenly mansions. And to sin-cursed humanity it was a message of deliverance. Death had lost its power! Now through faith in the Redeemer Jesus Christ redeemed mankind could walk in the newness of life.

We need this message today. So this Easter Season again we remind one another of the Resurrected Saviour. There is a bright prospect for those who walk with the One who is Lord of both Death and Life. Do you claim Him as your personal Saviour? Do you permit Him to be your Lord?

We bring to the readers of the Shepherd Easter greetings in Jesus' Name!

—V.

Sad News

Pastor Johnson of Assiniboia, Sask., informed us by letter this morning that Mrs. Oscar E. Mossing of Viceroy has crossed death's borderline. Further details will appear in the next issue of the Shepherd.

On behalf of the Shepherd we extend to Mr. Oscar Mossing and children our deepest sympathy in this hour of testing and trial. We greet you with II Cor. 1: 3—4. It is our prayer that our Lord will temper this your hour of loneliness with His comforting and abiding presence.

Since the President of the District Luther League, and the President of the District Choral Union cannot be reached as this issue goes to press, we have asked the District Luther League Vice President, Mr. G. Loken to extend a greeting on behalf of these organizations. He sends this message:

"On behalf of the Luther League and the Choral Union I express our Christian sympathies to Mr. Oscar E. Mossing, our faithful co-worker for so many years.

We know that you experiencing one of life's dark moments. You will also find that Jesus Christ is the same even in the hour of death and trial. Even now He pleads for us all and is with us as the good Shepherd who comforts the sheep of His flock."

—V.

"If a man or woman is called of God, it does not matter how untoward circumstances are, every force that has been at work will tell for God's purpose in the end." —Oswald Chambers in *My Utmost for His Highest*.

Cabri Parish News.

Rev. M. B. Odland of Swift Current spoke at the Luther League program in Scandia Church on March 1st. The choir under the direction of Mr. Norman Marken sang several numbers. The following afternoon Rev. Odland accompanied pastor Knutson to Batrum and spoke at the Luther League program in the evening. At both places and offering for the "Youth for Christ" work was received.

Men in the Armed Forces.

The St. John's Ladies Aid sent gifts to all the men in the armed forces from St. John's Congregation and the communities of Fosterton and Batrum.

It is a joy to know that there are young men in the service of the country who take an interest in the work of the Kingdom of God and that they shun drunkenness and other vice.

The pastor recently received from Pte. Oscar Undseth of Batrum \$104.68 for the Lutheran Bible Camp of the Swift Current Circuit. Through this gift he becomes a life member of this Bible Camp Association. May more follow his example in giving to this cause which is for the good of young and old. How much better to give money for such purposes than to waste money on the "pleasures of sin" which for a moment are sweet to the flesh but in the end bitter.

Another young man is taking the tests that the pastor is preparing on the book entitled, "God's Chosen People" (Grade V of the New Sunday School course). The pastor would be glad to have others take these tests and study this book. This young man also applied for associate membership in The Lutheran Bible Camp of the Swift Current Circuit.

Party for Sunday School

A party for the Sunday School children was held in the pastor's home the last Sunday in February. A brief class period was held, then contests of different kinds including Bible memorization. The six winning the highest number of points received prizes which included Luther League Bible Camp Savings Stamps.

—K. A. K.

BROADCASTS

The following contributions to the Lutheran Hour have been received since March the 4th.

The Asker Ladies Aid, Asker, Alta. "In memory of Mrs. Stanley Wetre."

"A Friend", Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Mrs. Lars Lerohl, Millet, Alta.

Mrs. Clara Heggerrud, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Mr. R. Bergseth, Loughheed, Alta.

"The Dagsgaard family", St. Albert, Alta.

Mrs. Lars Loveseth, Edmonton, Alta.

To each and every one we say Thank you.

Clarence Holmberg,

Edmonton, Alta.,

March, 19, 1943.

Thankfulness in Action

This will be the last appeal in connection with the Penny-a-meal boxes in 1943. By this time your box no doubt is well filled. You have found it a joy to have it in your home. In that way you have been reminded of God's goodness to you in sending His Son to die for you and thus to redeem you from sin. One man, as he brought the box to the Easter Service remarked: "I am going to miss it in my home now." Then when the gifts have been given the privilege is yours to follow these gifts of money with your prayer for God's blessing.

"What I have, Christ claims,
What Christ claims, I yield;
What I yield Christ fills
What Christ fills He uses, and
What Christ uses He always blesses."

A. M. Vinge.

Why Luther Was Sure

Someone asked Luthr, "Do you feel That you have been forgiven?" He answered, "No, but I'm as sure As there's a God in heaven, For feelings come, and feelings go, And feelings are deceiving: My warrant is the Word of God Naught else is worth believing."

—Quoted in the *Ansgar Lutheran*.

Faste 1943

SE DET GUDS LAM!

Det var en morgenstund ved Jordan. Der stod døperen Johannes og preket. Han hadde talt sterke ord om omvendelse og dom. Men den dag var hans tekst: "Se, det Guds Lam, som bærer verdens synd!" og han kunne illustrere sin forkynnelse med selve den levende virkelighet: Jesus skikkel-sen som gikk der borte paa den annen side av Jordan.

Men før denne dag var det skjedd noe. Johannes hadde døpt Jesus—og han hadde hørt hans syndsbejennelse—ikke hans egen—men verdens—og han hadde sett himlen aapen og hørt Guds røst. Og naa preket han: "Se, der Guds Lam!"

Og hans disiple saa—og gikk til Jesus og fulgte ham. Men det falt dem temmelig vanskelig aa forstaa talen og tanken om Guds-Lammet. Ja, Peter ropte engang i protest: "Herre, spar deg selv." Og de gange han talte med dem om sin forestaa-ende lidelse og død, forstod de ham ikke, selv ikke da han talter rent ut til dem: "Se, vi gaar op til Jerusalem, og der skal Menneskesønnen overgis til yppersteprestene og de skriftlærde, og de skal dømme ham til døden og overgi ham til hedningene til aa spottes og hudstrykes og korsfestes; og paa den tredje dag skal han opstaa" (Matt. 20: 18, 19).

Saa kom en annen morgenstund. Den romerske landshøvding Pontius Pilatus staar paa raadhusets trapp i Jerusalem—staar der i sin straalende uniform, og ved siden av ham—den tornekrone Frelser. Blodet hadde farget røde striper ned over hans ansikt, og den blodige sønderflengede rygg kunne sees gjennom riftene i purpur-kaapen. Og bakenfor haanende rop og spotteord:

"Se, hvilket menneske."

Men de saa ingen ting, denne skare av mennesker som hin Langfredag stod der omkring raadhusets trapp, for de var blindet av hat og villedt av sine ledere. De saa ikke at de kjensler som rørte seg i Jesu sjel og som avspeilet seg i hans asyn—de var kjærlighet og medlidenhet med dette forblindede folk. De saa ikke at det var den fulde hengivelse i Faderens vilje og kjærligheten som vilde gi seg selv i døden for verden—som straalte ut av Jesu hel-lige person.

Nei, Jesu herlighet var skjult for deres øyne. Kjære leser, er den fremdeles skjult ogsaa for ditt blikk? Men vil du lese Esaias kap. 53 da fortelles det deg og meg der at det var vaare misgjerninger som ramte ham, og at han ble knust for vaare overtredelser, "straffen laa paa ham for at vi skulle ha fred." Han ble Guds-Lammet som bar all verdens synd.

Og hvor det trenges at vi ser paa dette Guds Lam denne fastetid! Der er saa mange ting som forferder oss: folkeangst, bombeeksplosjoner, kruttøy, likstank, hunger, fortvilte og ubeskrivelig lidelse og nød. Midt i alt dette staar han fremdeles der—DET GUDS LAM—og til-byr oss aa ta paa seg og bære alle vaare byrder som han engang bar all verdens synd paa sitt kors. Og ser vi op til ham med troens bilkk—ser vi ham som vaar lidende Forløser—da faar vi ogsaa kraft til aa bære vart kors etter ham.

"Se, der Guds Lam"—"se, hvilket menneske." Disse to ord hører uløselig sammen, og forener seg ute paa Golgatas kors, hvor Jesus tilsist roper: "Det er fullbragt."

Et bedre ord ble aldri sagt, Na staar meg aapen himlens port, For meg har Jesus fyldestgjort.

Ogsaa idag ser mennesker paa Jesus paa forskjellig mate. Noen foraktelig, noen likegyldige, andre med hatets "Bort med ham, gi oss Barabbas løs." Atter andre ser paa ham med beundring, som et vidunderlig eksempel, en stor lærer og filosof,—men INGEN av disse forstaa Jesu kors.

Kun det menneske som Grev Zinzendorf og mange andre siden ham er blitt stanset av korset paa denne maate: "Det har jeg gjort for deg—hva har du gjort for meg?" og for hvem dette er blitt en personlig livsoplevelse forstaa Jesu kors, og bare han kan i tro og tilbedelse og full overgivelse tre hen til det.

Maate mange av oss faa lov til aa se paa Det Guds Lam paa denne maate i denne faste tid vi naa er inne i.

Se det menneske! Aa se Ham hvem tornen kroner;

MARIA MAGDALENA

Professor Georg Moi

Maria Magdalena var oppe tidlig den morgen.

Høitiden var forbi. Men hun hadde vel neppe feiret den som før. Hennes Herre og Mester var blitt ført bort og grusomt kors-festet. Hun selv hadde staaet og sett paa det. Det var ubegripelig, uforglemmelig. Uten aa si et ord hadde Han latt ufølsomme, glupske soldater slaa naglene gjennom de hender som bare for en liten stund siden hadde vært utrakt til aa helbrede. Hvor hun hadde lidd ved aa se Ham li! Da Han var tørst kunde Han ikke engang faa et glass vann. Han som alltid hadde levd i Guds nærhet følte seg naa ganske alene. Til tross for sine egne smerter, til tross for haan og spott som haglet ned over Ham, hadde Han dog kunnet tenke paa sine venner, ja til og med den fremmede som hang ved siden av Ham. Forunderlig! Hva mon det betydde det underlige Han sa straks før det var slutt: Det er fullbrakt. Hva mon de betydde alle de forfærdelige tingene som hendte da Han hang paa korset. Men naa var Han død og gravlagt. En stor sten hadde de veltet foran graven og forseglet den.

Hvor alle disse tingene hadde surret i hode paa henne natt og dag. Ikke noe aa undres paa at hun ikke kan sove og at hun er tidlig oppe. Det var ogsaa noe hun skulde ha gjort. Saa sammen med venninnene skyndte hun seg til graven for aa gi Ham en siste vigsel—et siste bevis paa sin kjærlighet. Men akk! graven var tom!

Stakkars Maria! Det var ditt privilegium aa se det største under som noen gang hadde hendt, og du skjønte det ikke. Den tomme grav var evighetens sentrum, og du visste det ikke. Naturen kledde seg i paaskeskrud, og du saa det ikke. Fuglene sang Frelserens pris, og du hørte det ikke. Men fordi det var kjærlighetstaarer som blindet dine øine, ble det deg unnt aa være den første til aa faa se det fullbrakte under.

Lykkelige Maria! Han kaller deg ved navn og det er nok. Alt forandres. Tid og evighet staar stille.

Saa faar du det herlige budskap aa bringe til resten av Hans venner. Du blir den første til aa forkynne at døden og synden er blitt overvunnet at Gud er forsonet, gjelden er betalt, der er aapen og fri adgang inn til Guds faderherte. Aa hvilken lykke! Han har seiret. Han lever.

"Aa salige stund uten like,
Han lever, han lever ennu!
Han vandrer i seierens rike,
Min sjel, hvorfor sørgede du?
Han er ikke lenger i graven,
Hvor bleknet i døden han laa
Jeg levende saa ham i haven,
Og aldri saa skjønn jeg ham saa."

"Han lever, og jeg skal faa bringe
Hans venner det salige ord
Aa jeg som er ringest blandt ringe,
Den minste han kjenner paa jord.
Tenk, jeg skal hans hilsen frembære,
Aa kunde jeg syngte det ut
Aa kunde ei engler begjære
Aa gaa med saa salig et bud!"

"A salige stund uten like,
Han lever, han lever ennu!
Han vandrer i seierens rike,
Min sjel hvorfor sørgede du?
Du søkte din trøst i den døde,
Og elskede gravnatten kun;
Saa fikk du den levende møte,
Aa salige, salige stund!"

Noget bedre

En gammel mann blev en gang spurt: "Kjære gamle venn, er du glad i Jesus?"

Der kom et smil over den gamles ansikt, og idet han grep den spørrendes haand, sa han med inderlighet i stemmen:

"Ja, jeg elsker ham; men jeg vet noget som er meget bedre."

"Hvad er det?" spurte han.

"Det er at Jesus elsker mig," svarte den gamle.

Det er ham som tok din ve, Blev din synds forsoner.

Se det menneske! Aa se ham med purpurkaapen,
Med sitt blod han ville te Dig Guds himmel aapen.

H. Arnholt Strand,
Valhalla Centre, Alta.

These Weeping Christians

Alvin N. Rogness

Perhaps we should weep more; perhaps sometimes less.

We have been anxious to expel the "long-faced" Christian. In fact, we may have been over-anxious. A Christian is not a naive, smiling fool. He knows that there are things within and without that cannot be laughed off. Rebellion surges up from within his own soul; hatred and strife crowd in upon him from his world. These are stubborn facts of his existence that defy gaiety and laughter. There are no rose-colored glasses to soften the prospect. The Christian looks at them in the bright light of God's Word. And the picture he sees is heart-breaking. We must weep.

He sees himself. The progress he had hoped to make in sanctification has been slow. Frequently he wonders if there be any advance at all. Daily the Word opens new vistas of his own wretched self. Each evening he comes to the end of the day despairing over the good left undone. Each morning his intentions sally forth only to be dissipated in another swift day of delays and neglects. In and out of his thoughts prowl envies and covetings and suspicions. They attack every generous impulse and every high motive. At last he cries out with the apostle, "O wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

He sees his world. In no age does his world present a pleasing prospect, and not the least now. Though nineteen centuries from Calvary, our era busies itself with crucifying Christ anew. Wars and rumors of wars, famine, pestilence, crimes, and oppressions rise up as perennial evidences of man's rebellion against God. And in this fever the Christian recognizes his own illness. He belongs to the race of men; their offenses are his offenses; their pathos is his pathos. He shares the corporate guilt of sinful man.

He sees the sorrows of God. As the erring and penitent child grieves over the sufferings he has caused his mother, so the Christian sorrows over the pain he has given God. The cross on which his Savior died to redeem him becomes the emblem of the Lord's daily suffering. The love he now has for his Lord only intensifies his agony as he views the divine heart broken again and again because of his sin.

Yes, he must weep. He cannot stand there at the cross and see himself and his world crushing his Christ, and do otherwise.

But God never intended that we should weep. His gift to man was immortality, perfect righteousness, and an innocent and blessed fellowship with Him. Pain and sorrow and death are strange children which man himself ushered into the world. They are the fruits of his own unbelief and disobedience, the consequences of his own fierce rebellion against God. Let us never say that God sent them. To do that is to blaspheme Him.

Now that they are here, however, He allows them to persist. Why, we cannot know. But this we know, that the travail which brings sorrow may be through His grace the setting for a faith that brings joy. In that faith, the Christian may smile through his tears. For faith is a conviction of things not seen, the assurance of things hoped for. The deepest longings and yearnings of the heart spring into realities. His sins, though scarlet, now are white as snow. Out of his sorrows in penitence emerges a peace in forgiveness. He sees that all things have become new, that the former things are passed away. The victory he is promised after death in faith now becomes his in life. And a joy unspeakable fills his soul.

Yet, he weeps still. For tears are to him the language of great joy as well as of great sorrow.

—Lutheran Herald.

"O matchless honor, all unsought,
High privilege surpassing thought,
That Thou shouldst call me, Lord, to be
Linked in work-fellowship with Thee;
To carry out Thy wondrous plan,
To bear Thy messages to man;
In trust with Christ's own Word of grace
To every soul of human race."

—Anon.

"Souls are always saved in the church
where the blood of Christ is preached."

—D. L. Moody.

WRONG EMPHASES

By H. G. RANDOLPH

Christian truth can be emphasized in such a way that it leads to a warped understanding of the Christian faith and results in an unhealthy and a strained type of Christian life.

The disproportionate insistence on and practice of prayer for conviction of sin in certain quarters is one of them. It is surely right to seek and welcome conviction of sin. The Psalmist's prayer for searching of heart and mind is Psalm 139: 23, 24 is the Bible by the Holy Spirit's inspiration and guidance. We need that prayer, and it is in order that we pray right now, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: Try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." But when in such prayer conviction is sought more than Christ, an unhealthy condition is present. For Christ is better than conviction and is to be sought more than searching of heart.

But surely no one would seek conviction more than Christ? Yes, indeed! There are some who struggle, groan, cry, agonize and pray over and over again for conviction, often insisting that others must do the same. That sort of practice is nothing short of subtle legalism, of bondage under the law. It is an attempt to work up or get hold of conviction. But conviction of sin is the work of the Holy Spirit through the law. That work He will do without our persuasion or our attempts to prepare ourselves for it.

Another unsound emphasis is the unevangelical use of the expression, "Accepting Christ as one's personal Saviour." It is true that Christ must be personally received by faith as our Saviour, according to John 1:12, "But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God." But the emphasis is often in the wrong place both in the preaching and in the believer's understanding and testimony. The emphasis should be, not on our acceptance of Christ but God's acceptance of us for Christ's sake. The believers' comfort and assurance is not that they have accepted Christ but that God has graciously forgiven all their sins for the sake of Jesus Christ, and for the same reason has accepted them into His favor and fellowship. Instead of being exhorted and urged to go and accept Christ, sinners need to hear that God accepts them when they as helpless sinners look to the Lamb of God for pardon and cleansing.

There is yet an emphasis that should be mentioned, the frequently used assertion, "Ye must be born again." That new birth is essential to membership in the kingdom of God as asserted by none other than Christ Himself. But that blessed truth has been turned into a command by a large number of people today. By means of it they order sinners to be born again. But nowhere in the Bible is it given as a command. In His word God tells us to repent. When sinners by God's grace repent of sin and look to Christ, God forgives them their sins, accepts them as righteous (justifies them) and gives them a new life, that is, regenerates them. Regeneration is God's work. It is never man's accomplishment. No one ever gets himself born again.

—Bible Banner.

The Prayer of a Burdened Soul

SICK at heart and burdened of soul, my God, I yet dare to approach Thee with confidence and say, "My Father." So often have I cried, "From whence cometh my help?" And always Thou hast given grace that my faith might triumphantly reply, "My help is in the Name of the Lord."

Searcher of hearts, Thou knowest the burden I bear. Hate and violence and lust after power are loosed in the world. Men are dying, and men and women and children are suffering; there is pain, want, despair. Right and Justice and Truth are being trampled under foot. Things that are good and lovely do not seem to count any more. Bitter hopelessness is displacing Christ-peace in so many hearts. My every soul cries out in protest that these things shall be.

And I—with sadness I confess it—am afraid. I who know that perfect love casteth out fear, I yet confess that I so far forget my Christ, the Bringer of perfect love, that I have yielded my heart to fear. Father, forgive!

TO THE SHEPHERD

News from Camrose Lutheran College

The editor of the Shepherd has asked us on several occasions to send him a few items of news from our school. In the last communication which we received from him he sounded as if he meant business, so we better comply.

CHRISTIAN SERVICE GROUP

The Christian Service Group has become a permanent part of our school life. It gathers together the students for a devotional program once a week. This year the meetings of the Group have been exceptionally well attended and at least some of the meetings have been inspiring indeed. In one meeting lately we were visited by a group of young people from C.L.B.I. This meeting filled our largest classroom almost beyond capacity. At present the C.S.G. takes charge of our Chapel exercises once a month.

CONSECRATION WEEK

Under the auspices of the Christian Service Group we have had two consecration weeks during this school year. Before Christmas Rev. Johnson from Edmonton visited us for three days, and after Christmas, Evangelist Rev. Solberg was with us for a whole week. These men were very direct in their message and their approach. Many students had personal interviews with them.

SICKNESS

We have had quite a number on the sick-list both students and teachers. One light case of pneumonia probably the worst. We had a few cases of measles which, we are thankful to say, did not develop into an epidemic. Influenza and colds have caused a great number of missed classes but now, we are happy to say, we are all well.

VISITORS

Rev. Bergsagel from Winnipeg paid us a visit the third week in March. For that we are probably most indebted to his two sons who are attending our school. He gave us an inspiring Lenten message at one of our chapel exercises.

Another visitor at the same time was none other than F/O. C. A. Ronning who was on furlough from his duties at the Administrative Headquarters in Ottawa. Mr. Ronning seemed to be in excellent health although he contracted the "flu" when he got home. On the two or three occasions that he visited the school during his stay he told us very interestingly about his work as an Intelligence officer and also about experiences both as a teacher and as a student of Camrose Lutheran College.

Gently lead me and all my brothers and sisters in the faith. Look not in wrath upon our sins; simply forgive them. In mercy strengthen us in time of temptation. For surely Thy Word has said that Thou art faithful and wilt not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but wilt with the emptation make also the way of escape, that we may endure it.

Send peace into troubled hearts; send peace into my heart. Not the peace of the world—for that does not suffice—but Thy peace, divine peace, built upon faith in the unchanging Christ, nourished by hope in Thine unfulfilling promises, expressing itself in a love which springs from the love which was first showed us.

In Jesu' Name, I pray. Amen.

Wonderful Three Sixteens: —

John 3:16
Eph. 3:16
Col. 3:16
I John 3:16
I Tim. 3:16
II Tim. 3:16
Gal. 3:16
I Cor. 3:16
Matt. 3:16
Mal. 3:16
Prov. 3:16
I Sam. 3:16
Joel 3:16
II Thes. 3:16
AMEN!!!

DO
YOU
KNOW
TEHM
???

CLOSING EVENTS AT S.L.B.I.

The closing days of the school year at S.L.B.I. were rich and full, despite the examinations which were also a part of the schedule. Mr. Will J. Green, secretary of the Gideons, spoke at a public meeting March 31 and at the school April 1. Evangelist K. Heggstad spoke Saturday and Sunday at the school chapel services. Saturday evening the graduating students were hosts to the school family in a social and devotional fellowship. Sunday afternoon Evangelist P. G. Hanson preached at the church service, and that evening the closing public student program was presented. Monday at five teachers, workers, students and visitors enjoyed a fellowship dinner.

The climaxing event was the graduation service Monday evening in the school chapel, attended despite bad roads by a fair number of visitors. Evangelist and pastor P. G. Hanson of Calgary brought a challenging message to the graduates and other friends, he speaking of "The Badge of Discipleship", John 13:31—35. Pastor G. J. Ostrem of Preeceville presented the diplomas to the graduating students, Marie Heggstad and Hulda Thoring, both of Frontier.

There was Christian sorrow at parting on Tuesday, but it is our assurance that "Friends of Jesus in their parting only part to meet again."

—G. O. Evenson.

S.L.B.I. Plans For Next Year

Since the last school bulletin in which it was mentioned that the school property was in jeopardy, we have been given definite assurance that even though worst comes to worst, we will have the use of the buildings for another school year. Hence quite soon we shall put in a carload of coal. But that costs money, so new gifts are needed. We count on our friends to supply these.

Also we depend on our friends to begin praying now for students this fall. Encourage young people to spend a term or a year, yes even three years, at Bible School. Do your part to make known the new high school department. —GOE.

A Wonderful Time

I love to think of the wonderful time
When I'll stand on the golden shore
O what reunion there will be
With loved ones gone on before.
I love to think of that wonderful time.
When my Saviour's face I will see
And hear the voice and loving words
Of the One Who died for me.

I love to think of that wonderful time
When I'll stand on the streets of gold
So I take my Bible and read again
The story that never grows old
I love to think of a wonderful time
When I'll walk in the realms of Glory
So with trusting faith I patiently wait
Singing the Old, Old Story.

Sent in by

George Bruce
Ohaton, Alta.

Forgiveness

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul
wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellowmen,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled
among
The green mounds of the village burial-
place;
Where pondering how all human love
and hate
Finds one sad level; and how, soon or
late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meek-
ened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common
grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none
depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling
I forgave!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Canadian Lutheran Commission Notes

Another Lutheran Chaplain has been appointed for service in the Canadian Army. It is the Rev. John Miller of Millet, Alta. He has been asked to report at Vancouver. Pastor Miller is the first member of the Manitoba Synod to enter the service. Prayer and good wishes of the whole church go with him.

As already announced the Rev. Fritz Soderberg resigned some time ago from his office of Chaplain to prisoners of War in Canada. The Commission has been endeavoring to find a successor, but so far has been unable to secure one. Because he has to be a citizen of a neutral country and at the same time efficient in the German language, the field of prospects is very limited. The Secretary of the Canadian Committee of the World Council of Churches writes that he will personally consult with Dr. Barnes of the Federal Council of Churches and Dr. E. A. Tappert, of the United Lutheran Church, while on a visit to New York. It is to be hoped that a Lutheran pastor can be found.

At a very impressive service, at which it was the privilege of the Chairman of the Commission to preach the sermon, the Augustana Church in Saskatoon unveiled a Service Flag and then the Honor Roll of the men in the services from that Church. There are now hung in that Church a large Union Jack, A Service Flag with nine Maple Leaves indicating nine men in uniform and the Honor Roll containing the names of these men. Congregations are reminded again that Honor Rolls may be obtained by writing to Mr. Anderson, Civilian Director of Army Recruiting, Third Floor, Laurentian Building, Ottawa, Canada.

Pastors are also reminded that Service Books and Pamphlets can be had for the asking from the Rev. K. Holfeld, 1948 Ottawa Street, Regina, Sask. The following are titles of Tracts: "Honor your God" "He shall give His angels charge over thee", "That They May Be Kept", "My Daily Prayer", "Morning Prayer", "No Good Soldier", "Dynamic Christianity", "General Dobbie's Confession of Faith", "Your Tongue" "A Greeting from your Chaplain", "Fit for Marriage". "Women of Our Armed Forces", "How is your Conscience Today?"

The Church is reminded also that the Government officially recognizes the Lutheran Church as privileged to supply Chaplains, to have its theological students exempted from military service and to have all its members in the service designated as Lutherans. The last privilege has been slowest in coming in the Air Force, but the Principal Chaplain gives assurance that the Records Officer is instructed to add the designation of Lutheran to the official religious denominations of the R.C.A.F. and he writes: "We have, however, received as of March 15th an amendment of the Administrative Order dealing with religious denominations."

It is very important that pastors and church organizations do their utmost to keep in touch with the men and women in the Services and also to keep the Commission informed of matters of special interest. It is encouraging to learn of special experiences, as for example when an soldier from Western Canada reports contacts with the Lutheran Chaplain in Halifax and sends back greetings for himself and the Chaplain. Such experiences tend to unity of sentiment and promote the common effort. Your correspondence is desired.

With best wishes for a blessed Easter and greetings to all concerned. The Commission will do its utmost to render all the help possible. N. Willison, Chairman.

Remembrance at Easter Time

There's a little dear grave all covered with snow

Where is hidden a part of our joy
A joy that was tenderly tied to the life
Of our dear little baby boy.
It is only the house there under the snow
His soul is not under the sod,
He moved from the house that was made
out of dust

To be blissfully present with God.
Some day we shall see our dear baby again
Where no graves are all covered with snow.
In that Springtime of God, in that Beautiful Land

Where no sorrow nor pain we shall know.
In memory of the "Other Joel"
Pastor and Mrs. Vinge and family.

"OUR PASSOVER"

The word "Passover" is the English rendition of the Greek "pascha", derived from the Hebrew "pesach", and "psach", which means "pass over" and refers to the passing of the angel of death over the house marked on the door frames by the blood of the sacrificial lamb. See Exod. 12.

It was the name of the national festival celebrating this deliverance of the Hebrews out of the bondage in Egypt.

It was also applied to the lamb which was slain at each anniversary as a part of the ritual which commemorated this event in the history of the nation.

This lamb was a type of Christ. "For our passover also hath been sacrificed, even Christ" (1 Cor. 5:7), "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The name "Easter" is derived from "East", the quarter of the heavens where the sun rises, the created sun being conceived by the early Christians as an altar painting and type of "the Sun of Righteousness, arisen with healing in its wings" (Mal. 4:2).

Hence arose the custom of building their churches with the altar end toward the east so that the congregation in their worship of Christ would be facing in His direction. Also the custom of burying their dead in such a position that on the day of their resurrection in rising they would face toward the east. This practice was also determined by "the blessed hope" of the Lord's return in glory, and in this hope their worship "looked" in the direction from which they expected Him to appear.

In the light of this the question suggests itself: "What does Easter mean to us?" And by "us" we do not have in mind the two-thirds of our population who give no thought to either Good Friday or Easter. Yes, two-thirds, including many names enrolled in our Church Books. Nor do we refer to those who parade bonnets, dresses, suits, or their personable selves in church on Easter morning, in a sort of promiscuous processional out of step. We are thinking of the more or less devout worshippers, young and old, who join the throng and "face eastward." Many of these, we trust, lift their eyes to heaven and look in the direction of the sunrise, in a true "Sunrise Service." As celebrants of the festival they rejoice over the Christian Passover and the great deliverance effected by the blood of the Lamb. They may not realize all that this meant and means but they believe the good news of a Saviour crucified for us and risen victorious from the grave. They accept the truth of the message. They join in the songs of praise and thanksgiving like grown-up children.

God grant that each one of these may know more fully, as our Easters keep coming and going, the deeper significance of the death and resurrection of our Lord. If they walk in that light, it will mean fellowship one with another and cleansing in the blood of the Son of God. And for His sake it will mean, on the final and eternal Easter in the heavenly temple, to join in the song of the blest: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" and to "worship Him that liveth for ever and ever." —CJS.



I gave my life for thee, Gal. 2:20
My precious blood I shed. 1 Pet. 1:19
That thou mightest ransom be. Eph. 1:7
And quickened from the dead. Eph. 2:1
I gave my life for thee; Titus 2:14
What hast thou given for me? John 21:15—17.

I spent long years for thee. 1 Tim. 1:15
In weariness and woe. Isa. 53:3
That an eternity. John 17:24
Of joy thou mightest know. John 16:22
I spent long years for thee. John 1:10-11
Hast thou spent one for me? 1 Pet. 4:2.

Et barn skal lede dem.

"Fryser du ikke, gutten min?" spurte jeg ham. Det var en liten barfotet gut, der arbeidet med sin skuffe for at rydde gangstien for de sammenfokne snedriver foran et statelig hus.

"Saa temmelig," svarte han, idet han slynget sneflagene til høire og venstre.

"Gaar du i søndagsskole?" spurte jeg.

Hans forsultne ansikt fik et foraktelig uttrykk, som man ikke skulde vente hos et barn, og idet han satte sin skuffe fast i sneen, svarte han: "Tal ikke til mig om søndagsskole!"

"Hvorfor ikke? Er du kommet paa kant med søndagsskolen?"

Han gav sin hue et utaalmodig skub, og idet han nikket over mot det statelige hus, sa han: "De derinde er søndagsskolefolk av fineste slags, og har lovet at gi mig skorper for at rydde gangstien."

Jeg grep en av de forfrosne smaa hender og sa: "Vil du ikke ha et par sko og noen vanter?"

Han saa vantro paa mig og sa: "Nu nar- rer De mig!"

"Hvad heter du?" spurte jeg.

"Samuel," svarte han.

"Godt, Samuel, naar du er færdig her, kom saa hen til mig; jeg bor i det hus derover, saa skal du faa en varm frokost."

Kort efter fremstillet den forfrosne, fillete lille skapning sig i mors kjøkken. Her forsvandt snart hans fordomme under omgivelsernes velgjørende indflytelse. Han blev varm og op oplivet, og han lovet at ville komme til søndagsskole næste søndag.

Og tro mot sit løfte indfandt Samuel sig til rette tid i den nederste klasse, hvor vi samlet smaalektaabørn, der gjennomgaaende var like saa fattige og forkomme som han. Under andakten forsvandt han et øieblik. Ved avslutningen forklaret jeg de nyankomne, at vi ikke hadde for skik at forlate klassen i timens løp, da der ellers ikke kunde bli ro i en saa talrik klasse.

Samuel rakte sin magre haand i veiret og sa: "Med forlov, frøken, maa jeg fortelle Dem, hvad jeg gik ut for? Da De fortalte os om Guds søn, saa har jeg aldrig før vidst, at han elsket mig eller brød sig om mig, og saa sa jeg til mig selv: Du maa hellere tømme din lomme for cigarstumperne, naar han elsker dig. Og saa kastet jeg dem bort."

Han var kun syv aar gammel, og hans lille ansikt lyste nu like saa, klart, som det var mørkt og haardt for faa dage siden. Sæden var i sandhet faldet i god jord denne gang, og lille Samuel var paa sin plads hver søndag hele vinteren igjennem.

Tidlig en morgen den følgende vaar stod der en stakkels, fordrucken skikkelse utenfor mors dør og spurte efter mig, idet han sløvt sa: "Samuel er ved at dø og ønsker at se Dem."

Da jeg naadde den usle hule, hadde lille Samuels sjel løftet sine vinger og var fløiet bort fra sin skrøpelige støvhytte, og et fredens smil dæleat endnu paa det trette ansikt av det lille fattigmands barn, hvis korte liv ikke hadde kjendt noe til den glede, som ellers er barndommens rettesig arve.

Den stakkels mor grep begge mine hender, og avbrudt av hulken sa hun: "Gud har tat lille Samuel, den stakkels lille gut, som vi allesammen — ja, ogsaa jeg — var slemme imot. Siden han begyndte at gaa til Deres søndagsskole, har han knælet ned hver aften, og medens han bad gjorde vi andre nar av ham. O, Gud, han var for god til os, og du har tat ham!"

Det var et bedrøvelig optrin! Den fordrukne far, den haarde mor, som nu var sønderknust av samvittighetsnag, to tre ganske smaa børn, som stirret forundret og uforstaaende paa det hele, og saa henne paa straalet i et hjørne av værelset det kjære lille ansikt av den hensovede lille gut.

Intet arbeide i Herren er spildt. Lille Samuels korte liv med hans rækken efter noe høiere blev frekens ledestjerne for den hele familie. Snart var morens ansikt vel kjendt i "lille Samuels kirke", og senere fulgte faren ogsaa efter. Der skete et sandt naadens under med ham. Det lille barn hadde ledet dem (Es. 11, 6).

—Bymissionæren.

Natten fremtroyller lys fra himmelens stjerner og vellukt fra jordens blomster. Lys og vellukt er noe som følger med de prøvelser Gud sender os.

* * *

Den som er for stor til at bli liten, er for liten til at bli stor.

Paa Søndag

Nu er det Søndagsmorgen
Nu lette vi omsorgen
:: Nu kan vi hvile ud ::
Men vi vil bruke ordet
Som Herren har forordnet
:: I sine vise bud ::
Det frisker op vor sjel og krop
Til mangt og meget godt.

Først synge vi lovsangen
til ham vi have trangen
:: til Gud vor Herre kjer ::
Saa bogen vi oplader
som lerer og forklarer
:: al vores reiseferd ::
der faar vi trost og varselsrøst
og haab i lettet brøst.

Da lønner det umagen
den aldrig blir bedragen
:: Som i Guds visdom gaar ::
Det skal de snart faa kjende
Naar troen haabet sende
:: Hvad sed de der utsaar ::
Den husandagt er hovedvagt
For kristendommens magt.

En saadan livete hygge
kan meget godt opbygge
:: I tro og levevis ::
Vi faar fornyet krefter
at følge ordet efter
:: med tak og lov og pris ::
Den sjelfryd vi derved nyd
I dyd og daad udbyrd.

O Fader i det høie
hjelp at vi maa os bøie
:: for din den gode aand ::
Da blir vi mere kjere
og gjør hinanden ere
:: Med hjerte mund og haand ::
Alt godt vi gjør hinanden
det gleder Gud og mand.

Fryd dig ved livet
i dine dages vaar.
Pluk gledens roser
fjærend de forgaar.
De findes udi dydens gang
i god oplysning, kraftig sang
I venskab av den rette rang
I aandens glade stemme.

Skrevet av Tobias Westrum, Ringsaker
Aasmark Hendemarken Norge. Denne
sang er over et hundrede aar gammel.

Mrs. Christian Haugen,
Admiral, Sask.

Den Som Vil

Han som sitter for styret,
han trenger ei los eller tolk.
Træler han aldri har hyret,
men kun frivillige folk

Grundtvig.

Gammal og met av dage

i Den 10de januar døde Mrs. Broder An- ton Anderson her i Lac Qui Parle menighed og hun burde ha et mindeord. Det er ikke mange som kommer saa langt—hun blev nemlig 94 aar gammel. Født og opvok- set i Norge ner Trondheim, men som mange har hun hva sin livsgjerning her. Disse sidste aarene levet hun hos sin datter Mrs. E. Verpe. Naar man besøkte hende fik man det indtrykk at hun letet efter at flytte til sit himmelske hjem. Hun var altid tilfreds og taknemmelig til Gud som hadde veret naadig og god mot hende. Hendes syn var daarligt, men saa hørte hun godt og var ellers aandsfrisk. Hun kunde utenad mange salmer fra Landstads salme- bog, og dette gave hende megen trøst.

Hun havde prøvet mangt og strevet haardt med en stor barneflok i fattigdom og armod som saa ofte var tilfeldet med nybyggerne. Hun havde en ualmindelig god helse, og blev ofte til hjelp for andre. Hun fortalte mig at hun hadde modtat 232 barn og døpt seks.

Men saa kunde hun ogsaa se fremover paa sin egen slegt som var talrig—9 barn, 41 barnebarn, og 56 barnebarns barn. Det er godt at følge en slik til sit sidste hvile- sted. En behøver ikke at sørge som se som er uten haap. Dette vers av Landstad passet godt ind:

Jeg ved mig en aftens time god,
Og lenges vel somme tider,
Naar jeg er av reisen trett og mod,
og dagen saa tungsomt skrider
Jeg vilde til sungs saa gjerne gaa
Og sovne ind sødt som omsider."

Velsignet vere hendes minde.

—Torjus Lee.

Jeg er den gode Hyrde.

Joh. 10:11

THE SHEPHERD

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Den gode Hyrde setter sit

liv til for faarene.

Joh. 10:11

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Andet Nr. i April, 1943

En farlig fristelse

Der gis ingen farligere fristelse for et menneske enn naar djevelen hvisker til ham saadanne tanker som disse: "Gud bryr sig ikke om mig — Gud hater mig. Lykken som alt annet staar mig imot. Der hviler som en forbannelse over mig. Hvorfor skulde jeg forandre mig? La Gud først forandre sin handlemaate mot mig, saa vil jeg forandre mig. Men Gud vil ikke forandre sig; han har besluttet ikke aa ha barmhjertighet med mig. Jeg kan forstaa det; ti alt gaar mig imot. Hvad nytter det saa for mig aa angre? Jeg vil gaa min egen vei — og hvad som skal skje, det skjer." Har du nogensinne hatt saadanne tanker? Hør da Herrens ord til dig: "Men naar den ugudelige omvender sig fra sine synder, som han har gjort, og holder alle mine skikker, og gjør rett og rettferdighet, da skal han visselig leve, han skal ikke dø. Mon jeg skulde ha behag i den ugudeliges død? sier den Herre, mon ikke mere deri, at han omvender sig fra sine veier og maa leve?" Tro aldri djevelen naar han sier, at Gud hater dig. Tro ham ikke, naar han sier, at Gud har vært altfor haard imot dig og latt dig komme i saa vanskelige omstendigheter av fristelse, uvitenhet, fattigdom eller noget annet, at du ikke kunde forbedre dig. Hvad sier ditt daapsløfte? Du maa være fattig, fristet, uvitende, dum, du maa være hvad du vil, saa er du dog Guds barn — din Fars kjærlighet vaaker over dig og hans barmhjertighet venter paa dig. Du føler dig for svak til aa omvende dig. Be Guds Aand aa gi dig ny kraft i viljen. Du føler dig for stolt til aa omvende dig. Be Guds Aand aa ydmyge ditt stolte hjerte, aa bløtgjøre ditt haarde hjerte; og du vil til din forundring finne, at naar din stolthet er knekket, naar du føler dig dypt beskjemmet og virkelig inner dine synders vederstyggelighet og føler dig uverdig til aa vende blikket opad til Gud, da vil du erfare en edlere, renere og mandigere følelse — selvaktelse og en ren samvittighet og bevisstheten om, at hvor svak og enfoldig du enn er, saa er du dog paa rett vei; at Gud og hans engler smiler til dig; at du igjen er i harmoni med baade himmel og jord, fordi du er hvad Gud vil du skal være. Ikke hans stolte, lunefulle og egensindige barn, som innbiller sig selv aa være sterk nok til aa gaa alene, mens du i virkeligheten er slave av dine egne lidenskaper og lyster og en spilleball for djevelen; men ved Guds makt hans kjærlige og lydige sønn, som ønsker aa gjøre hans vilje.

—C. Kingsley.

kan gjøre det godt for andre. Bed ham om kraft til at lide sammen med de mennesker du er sat iblandt, bære over med deres skrøpeligheter, tilgi deres feil, hjelpe dem istedenfor at bebreide dem, forstaa dem istedenfor at irritere dem, være taalmodig og rolig naar de er ubehagelige og uretfærdige mot dig.

Vær frimodige! Jeg har overvundet verden, sier Jesus. Ja, lovet være Gud, som gir os seier ved vor Herre, Jesus Kristus.

Og denne kraft staar til tjeneste endog for den svakeste av os. Gud sier jo selv: min kraft fuldendes i skrøpelighet. Derfor sier Paulus: jeg vil helst rose mig av min skrøpeliget for at Kristi kraft kan bo i mig; ti naar jeg er skrøpelig er jeg sterk. Et herlig evangelium for dig og mig, min tapende og motløse medvandrer! Jesus venter intet av os uten dette at vi skal ta imot hans opstandelseskraft, saa han kan forherliges i vor daglige død og i vort daglige liv.

—O. Hallesby.

Synden utslettet.

Vær ved godt mot. Naar den ugudelige omvender sig fra sin ugudelighet, da skal han frelse sin sjel og leve — og all hans synd og ubudelighet skal ikke nevnes mere. Hvor stort ditt "syndemaal" (om der kan tales om maal paa det aandelige omraade, hvor intet kan maales) kan være, vet ikke jeg. Men dette vet jeg, at saa lenge du

PAASKEBETRAKTNING

Lukas 24: 5—6.

"Hvorfor søker i den levende blandt de døde? Han er opstanden, han er ikke her."

Paaskemorgen slukker sorgen slukker sorgen til evig tid. Den har os givet, lyset og livet, lyset og livet i dagning blid.

Atter feirer vi paaske til minde om Jesu opstandelse. Englenes paaskebudskap hin første paaskemorgen har lytt over jorden i over nitten hundrede aar. Hilken betydning har Kristi legemlige opstandelse med hensyn til vor frelse og salighet?

Det viser at han er Guds søn og har fuldkommen betalt for vore synder med sin lidelse og død paa korset og har seiret over døden og djevelen.

Efter Helligheds aand er godtgjort at vere Guds veldige søn ved opsandelsen fra døde, Jesus Kristus, vor Herre." Rom. 1:4. Tenk om disse kvinner som gik til graven for at salve Jesu legeme hadde funnet alt slik som de saa det fredags aften da han blev gravlagt—stenen for døren, vekten gaende frem og tilbake paa sin vaktpost, hvad da?

Paulus svarer paa dette sporsmaal i I. Kor. 15: 17—18, "Men er Kristus ikke opstanden, da er eders tro unyttig, da er I ennu i deres synder, da er altsaa de fortapt som er hensovede i Kristus". Klarere kan det ikke sies hvilken betydning Kristi legemlige opstandelse har til vor frelse og salighet. Uten den vilde Jesu lidelse og død vere unyttig; da hadde satan og døden seiret—Jesus og livet for evig tilintetgjort. Men Gud vere tak det er bevidnet at han er opstanden. Ikke bare disse kvinner og apostlerne saa ham og talte med ham, men Paulus sier han blev set av mer enn fem hundrede brødre paa een gang. Og han legger til: "Men sist av alle blev han seet av mig." Kjernen i Pauli forkynnelse er Kristi opstandelse. Med kraft og myndighet vitner han i I. Kor. 15 og avslutter med disse ord: "Døden er opslugt til seier. Død hvor er din brodd? Død hvor er din seier? Men Gud ver tak som giver os se seier ved vor Herre Jesus Kristus."

Dertil kommer at en kristen til alle tider har et personlig møte med den opstande Jesus, saa han taler med ham, hører hand røst i evangeliet, han lever i ham. Paulus uttaler det slik—Kristus lever i mig.

Tilslut ogsaa dette at Jesu opsandelse forsikrer os om vore legemers opstandelse paa den ytterste dag. Kristus er hodet, vi er lemmerne. Er Kristus vort hode opstanden, saa skal ogsaa lemmerne opstaa. Biskop Heuch siger: "Som hodet, saa lemmerne. Har hodet kjempet sig gjennom gravens mulm og dødens makt, saa drar det hele legeme med sig—har hodet seiret, saa seirer alle lemmerne. Alle som hører Kristus til skal dø, likesom Kristus døde, men de skal opstaa som han opstod." Paulus sier det samme i I. Kor. 15: 21—22.

Kjødets opstandelse og det evige liv er to herlige ledd i vor troes bekjendelse. Det løfter os i høide med vor opstandne frelser Jesus Kristus som har vunnet en evig seier for over død og grav. Selv om legemet nedbrytes av alderdom og svakhet og tilslut dør og kanske ogsaa hensmuldrer, saa kommer opstandelsen morgen.

Da treder Guds søn til gravens hus
Hans røst i al verden høres,
Da brytes al stengsel ned i grus
de dype havsgrunne røres,
Han raaber du døde kom herut!
Og frem vi forklaret føres."

Sa vil jeg ønske all Hyrdens lesere en velsignet paaskefest i den opstandne Frelseres Navn. Som han opstod, skal vi opstaa. Det er godt at vente paa. Halleluja! Halleluja!

—O J. Marken.

bevarer din følelse av syndeskyld levende hos dig, vil du forbli rettferdiggjort hos Gud; saa lenge du stadig har dine synder for øie, vil Gud kaste dem bak sin rygg.

—Kingsley.

SIDSTE GANG.

Der er mange folk samlet i auktionslokalet. Budene falder livlig. Auktionarius staar paa bordet og byr frem sinne ting: Her er en klokke, by paa den! Her er et speil, en kommode, divan, seng osv. Han er ivrig i tjenesten. Gestikulerer med baade arme og ben.

Men hvad er det han roper ut? — Sidste gang — sidste gang — sidste gang!

Auktionen er forlengst over. Men ordene: Sidste gang — sitter igjen. Det er saa vanskelig at bli dem kvit. Og de kalder frem mange alvorstanker.

En nat blir der brand i en stor leiegaard. Ilden griper i den sterke vind hurtig om sig. Brandmandskapet prøver forgivees at slukke. Men det verste var at saa mange mennesker ikke kom sig ut mens der var tid. Og lite ante de samme mennesker da de om kvelden la sig at det var for sidste gang.

Paa en fjeldknatt staar en liten gut og vinket til far som netop legger fra land med fiskerbaaten. Far vinker igjen. Hans hjerte banker av stolthet. Det er hans gut, og snart skal han faa være med paa sjøen.

De vinker saa lenge de kan se hinanden. Ingen av dem ante at det var for sidste gang. — Far blev der ute. Sjøen tok ham.

Er det for dramatisk? Kanske! — Men nei, — der kommer en sidste gang for alt. Det er den nakne realitet. Sidste gang du sover, spiser, ber, bander, ler, graater. Du vil for sidste gang gaa til dit arbeide. Sidste gang du ser dine venner og kjære. Betenk det og indret dig efter det.

Kan jeg faa dig, synder, i tale? Du som ikke har bruk for Gud. Du som ofte har hørt ordet. Du som er blitt formanet og indbudt saa mange gange. Du som er nær Guds rike, — men allikevel utenfor.

Hør! Der kommer en sidste gang. Sidste gang Jesus rekker ut sine frelsende arme. Sidste gang Aanden ber dig komme. Sidste gang du hører evangeliet. Din sidste chance. Det ringer for sidste gang. Og hvad saa? — Naar den reddende haand har sit sidste slag slaat paa synderens tilukte dør" — da er det evig for sent. Du som kjender kaldet nu: La dig frelse. Det kan være din sidste anledning. Tenk om du lot den gaa fra dig.

Kjære kristne! dere som kjemper mot syndens og satans makt, du som kjender at gamle Adam fremdeles lever i dig. Ofte sukker du med Paulus: Hvem skal fri mig fra dette dødens legeme? Du vil saa gjerne bli mer lik Jesus, "men det gaar saa langsomt."

Det skal ikke være slikt bestandig. Vel er det saa at Jesu blod renser os ikke bare fra syndens skyld, men og fra dens makt. Men hver en ærlig kristen maa erkjende at der alltid "er noe igjen." Røtterne sitter saa dypt og gror saa hurtig.

Men dagen kommer da satan har skuddt sin sidste pil. Syndens sidste trevl skal rykkes op. Vi skal for bestandig si farvel til sorg, sykdom, nød, død. De syndige tanker og tilbøieligheter som saa ofte kommer igjen — der kommer en sidste gang ogsaa for disse ting. Du som ofte graater baade over dine og andres synder. Snart rinder den sidste taare, for Jesus skal tørre bort alle taarer. "En taare, den sidste ad kinden vil liste. Han rører ved kilden og tørrer dem ut."

Snart skal vi ut paa reise. Og det blir sidste reis. Da reiser vi med Jesus. Til himlen.

"Og saa for evig at være hjemme, aa hvilken lykke naar vi er fremme i himmelen."

Blir du med?

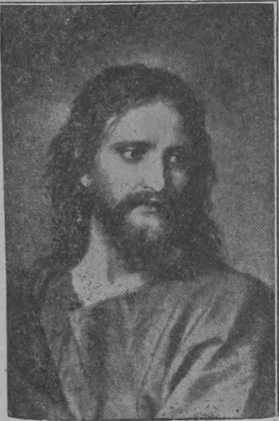
—("Evangelisten".)

Troen er ikke en høitidsdrakt som du skal smykke din sjel med ved festlige høve. Nei, den skal være din sjels daglige arbeidsdrakt.

D. G. Monrad.

* * *

Den gjerrige forstaaer sjelden selv at han ligger bundet av en farlig last. Andres mening om sig faar han ogsaa ytterst sjelden høre; visstnok snakker folk ofte om hans gjerrighet, men som regel ikke til ham.



1. paaskedag

PAASKENS EVANGELIUM

Evangelium: Luk. 24 1—9.

Men paa den første dag i uken, tidlig i dagningen, kom de til graven og hadde med sig de vellugtende urter, som de hadde tilberedt. Men de fandt stenen veltet fra graven, og da de gik ind i den, fandt de ikke den Herre Jesu legeme. Og det skedde, mens de stod raadville ved dette, se, da stod to mænd hos dem i skinnende klædebon. Og da de blev forfærdet og høiet sit ansigt mot jorden, sa de til dem: hvorfor søker I den levende blandt de døde? Han er ikke her, men han er opstanden. Kom ihu, hvorledes han talte til eder, mens han endnu var i Galilæa, da han sa, at menneskesønnen skulde overgives i syndige menneskers hender og korsfæstes og opstaa paa den tredje dag!

Da kom de hans ord ihu. Og de vendte tilbake fra graven og fortalte alt dette til de elleve og til alle de andre.

Mon mennesker overhodet har følt sig fattigere og ulykkeligere end Jesu venner i de endeløse døgn da Jesus laa i graven. De hadde levet med ham i flere aar, det rikeste liv som mennesker til da hadde levet. Og for hver dag som gik fik de større og større forhaabninger til denne underlige mand. Men saa skedde det forfærdelige. Han blev arrestert, dømt og henrettet av landets øverste myndighet. Og nu hadde de gjemt sig væk i den store byen paa et litet værelse — av frygt for at man skulde gripe dem ogsaa.

Men saa har vel aldrig mennesker følt slik jublende glæde som disse da paaskedagen randt og de fik se ham igjen og tale med ham.

Allerede før døden hadde han været deres sikre tilflugt. Han greiet alt. Aldrig møtte de en vanskelighet som Jesus ikke magtet. Han stod kongelig sikker og rolig overfor alle farer og alle fiender. De var saa trygge naar de var i nærheten av sin kjære mester.

Men nu — nu var han endnu større. Nu kom han fra det store slag med den sidste og værste av alle fiender: døden. Nu vet de at han har al magt. Og vi forstaaer jo hvad det betyr for disiplene: han som elsket dem ind i døden, han er nu den som styrer alt i himmel og paa jord. Han er nu beskjeftiget med at oprette Guds rike her i denne onde verden. Og han møter nu ingen hindring nogetsteds som kan stenge ham. Hverken onde mennesker eller onde aander eller "blind" naturkraft. Han er altid den sterkeste.

Det eneste han nu trenger er disipler som tror paa ham saa han kan føre denne sin overnaturlige, ubetvingelige kraft ind i dissers personlige liv. saa de blir seirende mennesker, i sit eget hjerte og i sit eget liv.

Kjære ven, du som taper baade overfor dig selv og andre mennesker, overfor livets lidelser og overfor dets glæder. Du som har tapte slag bak dig paa alle disse punkter, hør idag: Jesus som selv har seiret over alle magter, har en overnaturlig kraft at række dig. Og ved denne skal du seire. Fortæl ham kun om dine nederlag. Tilstaa for dig selv og for ham at din egen kraft er intet værd. Og bed ham saa om denne hans overnaturlige seierskraft. Bed ham om kraft til at si nei til dig selv, gi avkald paa egen nydelse og egen fordel naar du

Cora Martinson's Visit

Tentative schedule for Miss Cora Martinson's Itinerary sent to the Shepherd by Miss Irene Rude:

Winnipeg	May 9
Moose Jaw	" 10
Wilcox	" 11
Macoun	" 12
Torquay	" 13
Admiral	" 16
Simmie	" 17
Cabri	" 19
Claresholm	" 21
Calgary	" 23
Donalda	" 24
Camrose	" 26
Armena	" 27
Wetaskiwin	" 28
Edmonton	" 30
Bardo	" 31
Ryley	June 1
Viking	" 2
Outlook	" 4
Saskatoon	" 6
Prince Albert	" 7
Birch Hills	" 8
Weldon	" 9
Fairy Glen	" 10
Rose Valley	" 11
Preeceville	" 13

Pray for God's blessing upon the visit of our Missionary. —V.

From the L.D.R.

The following recommendation was adopted by the General Convention June 12, 1942 "That we adopt the use of the name Lutheran Children of the Reformation (L.C.R.) to denote the children's groups; that Junior L.D.R. be used to denote teenage groups; Senior L.D.R. to designate all groups above high school age."

The "New Manual of Programs" has been especially prepared for the L.C.R. This Manual contains 24 complete programs with devotions, a hymn study, a short study on the church, a missionary topic, and a worship offering meditation. Additional helps for special programs are given. There is also a section on helps for handicraft and christian service activity.

This New Manual has proven to be very fine material for a J.R.L.D.R. as well as for the L.C.R.

I wish to encourage all J.R.L.D.R.'s and L.C.R.'s to use the New Manual of Programs and the very fine pictures for your Scrap Books. —Irene Rude.

A Question and Answer on Raffling

Question: "What is your opinion in regard to raffles as a means by which to help finance the church? Personally I judge such activity as belittling our Lutheran Church."

Answer: I certainly agree that raffling as a method of church finance belittles both the church and the Lord. After all, it is simply a game of chance, a form of gambling. Does the fact that it is done under the sanction of the church change its true character? Certainly not. It simply degrades the church and robs it of its power as an effective witness against gambling or any other form of iniquity in the community. The world is quick to recognize this fact, and to use it for all it is worth. If a church can not be supported through the love gifts and free-will offerings of God's people, it is an open question whether it is worth maintaining.

"The love of Christ constraineth us!" How much do we know of the constraining love of Christ in our Lutheran Church? Not very much, if we must resort to raffles to raise money for the Lord's work. "First they gave their own selves to the Lord" (2 Cor. 8:5). Is that true of our Lutheran Christians? If so, the voluntary tithe will soon solve all our financial problems; if not, we will not prosper, however much money worldly means may pour into our treasuries.

Dr. J. P. Milton, in, "People Are Asking."

CAN YOU IMAGINE — anyone not renewing their paper?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

"But now hath Christ been raised from the dead" (I Cor. 15:20). May the message of Easter bring you abundant joy, because it tells you that you have a living Savior.

Mr G. Loken New Editor

Until further notice, send material for this page to Mr. G. Loken, Ryley, Alberta. The present editor has been called by the Home Mission Committee to do pastoral work along the Alaska Highway this summer. Under these circumstances, it will not be feasible for him to prepare the material for this page. Leaguers, do your best to send in news, topics, and other items to Mr. Loken.

Suggested Convention Program Outline

The office staff of our International YPLL has suggested the following outline of the 1943 convention theme: Theme: "Christ's Marching Command — Go Ye".

1. To you Individually
 - a. Answering Christ's Call
 - b. Training with Him
2. Forward As A Leaguer
 - a. In the power of the Word
 - b. In battle against sin
 - c. In the program of My Home Church
3. In Christian Concern
 - a. For youth in the nations service
 - b. For the unchurched around us
 - c. For the world
4. In The Assured Victory In Christ
 - Suggested Bible Study with leaguers using their Bibles. "Joy in Christian Warfare".

News Notes

The Prince Albert Circuit is assigning one main division of the convention program with its sub-topics to a charge. Last year all the leagues of the Prince Albert Circuit Lutheran Leagues were visited by members of the Circuit executive. In each congregation a collection was taken to defray the expenses of the visitors. The balance, which was considerable, went to the circuit treasury.

Bible Camp Dates

Southern Alberta	July 6—19
Sylvan Lake	July 19—Aug.1
Hastings Lake	July 17—25
Peace River	
Christopher Lake	July 8—18
Saskatoon Circuit at	
Outlook	July 5—11
Yorkton Circuit near	
Preeceville	July 19—25
Moose Jaw Circuit near	
Midale	July 9—18
Swift Current Circuit near	
Simmie	July 10—18

Never Touch The First Drop

That "First" can be a blessing or a curse. It can be heaven or hell. That "first" can mean a life of rich joy or agonizing pain.

Your character and mine depend on what we put first in loyalty, love, and action. "Tell me what he puts first, and I'll tell you what kind of a man he is."

The first can be dangerous. In prison cell sits a husky father, face buried in his hands, sobbing over and over again as he with shame thinks of his disgraced family back home, "Oh, if I had never taken that first dollar, I would never have been a thief."

In one of our federal institutions sits a dope fiend, a physical and nervous wreck repeating the same refrain, "Why did I ever start? Oh, why did I ever start?"

In the gutter on main street lay a big man dead to the world. Some kind neighbor brought the drunk home. As he was brought into the house, his wife, wiping her tears with her apron repeatedly said: "Oh, Sam is so helpless. He doesn't seem able to stay away from it. Why did he ever

take that first drop. Oh why did he ever take that first drop?"

Behind every thief, is a first theft. Behind every dope fiend is the first pill. Behind every drunkard is the first drop.

Oh, I wish I could take every young American son and daughter aside this morning and plead with each one of them — "Never touch the first drop." You fathers and mothers, I appeal to you this morning. Sit down and talk to your son and daughter. Show them it is dangerous to touch the first drop.

It is not easy to be young in America today. Neon signs are calling our young people to take the bottle and drink themselves to prosperity and success. The old whiskey bottle has been perfumed with modern finery. The filthy, nauseating old saloon clothed in disgrace has been redecorated with Venetian blinds, polished counters, and upholstered furniture. The tragedy of our modern picture is that this demon of liquor has been painted with respect. Clever advertising by liquor interests puts this soul-destroying, character-wrecking demon in a setting of the pleasant, the beautiful, the respectful.

Oh, American youth, be strong, never touch the first drop!

The nation's drink bill in 1939 was four billion dollars. In 1940 there was an increase of more than ten million gallons in U.S. hard liquor consumption. The national president of W.C.T.U. reported in 1940 that in the U.S. we have:

- 1 saloon for every 71 families.
- 2 saloons for every church.
- 5 saloons for every free public school.
- \$4.00 spent for liquor for every \$2.00 spent for education. The F.B.I. says fingerprint records show an increase of women arrested for drunkenness of 35.4% in the first six months of 1941 as compared with the first six months of 1940; and an increase of 38.3% in arrests for drunken women drivers.

As an American citizen, I am not proud of this picture. I feel sorry for our young people who have to face this mess; for the babies who are born to mothers with alcohol on their breath. Fellow American Christians! We can't afford to compromise with this demon of destruction. We must counsel, we must admonish our young people — "Never touch the first Drop!"

One of our Lutheran girls had fallen for the fast life of the road house and tavern. One night God gripped her heart. She later became a radiant witness for her Savior. Speaking of her past life, she said: "If people knew how terrible those taverns were, pastors and Christian citizens in America would rise up like one man and demand that they be closed."

As Christian people we must not compromise — we must put Christ and righteousness first all the time, — in everything! A man in his early thirties was the town's worst drunkard. All knew him as such. One day he came to a respectable business man of the little city and said: "I have you to thank for the fact that I am a drunkard." The business man stood speechless. He thought the drunkard was drunk now, but he wasn't. He was sober. He went on to explain. As a boy, his mother had always told him to never touch the first drop. Going out with his friends, they would pass the bottle, but he would always think of his mother, and he could hear the words: "Son, never touch a drop." "One day walking down town," said he to this business man, "I looked through the window of that beer joint. There I saw you holding a glass up to your lips. I could hardly believe my own eyes, for I had always respected you. You were a leader in the church and community. But I saw it was you. That very night I happened to be out riding with the gang. They passed the bottle, and as usual urged me to drink. I said, 'No,' because I could still hear mother say: 'Son, never touch the first drop.' But then in my mind I saw you standing with the glass up to your lips, and I said, 'Well, he is a fine respectable man, if he can do it, surely it won't hurt me.' I did. I took the first drop. That first drink started me. Now I am a helpless drunkard laughed at and ridiculed by all. You started me and you never knew it."

It is time when we as Church people must cease to be stumbling blocks, cease to compromise. Let us take our stand for Christ first in every thing in daily life. This means that we say "No!" to the destructive forces of Satan that entice our youth.

Parents, older brothers and sisters—take our young people into your confidence. Become real Christian pals to them. I say it is your business to know where those high school young people spend their evenings. Sit down and have a real personal talk with that high school boy or girl of your. Help them to be sure they are holding the nail pierced hand of Jesus. Show them how Christ will help them say "no" to temptation, how God's Word will give them power never to touch that first drop. Show them that witnessing for Jesus Christ, our Savior, is the life that really satisfies. Show them that a happy young person is one who is busy working for His Christ in his home church and Luther League. Let us all put Jesus Christ and His church first in our personal living and testimony. Then real joy and happiness begins. Let us put Jesus Christ first, and we can be a salt and a light in this world of darkness and evil.

Let us pray that America may bend her knees before the Cross in deep penitence these days of Lent. No individual can can drink himself to prosperity, success, or to the place of real happy and useful living. I am sure you have never seen a man fill himself with liquor and then find real happiness and to be loved and cherished by others. No more can a nation. Just as an individual can only be happy if Christ is really first, so can a nation prosper only if God and His righteousness come first. That is what has made America a land of liberty. Let us pray that God and His Word may come first in American homes and life today.

In our homes, schools, churches, let the slogan be: "Christ First in everything!" One result will be you'll never want to touch the first drop! That first is dangerous.

There are neon signs at the cross-roads calling our young people down, down, and down into filthy, liquor-smelling, soul-destroying hell holes of today. May God help you and me that we may stand at the crossroads holding high the banner of the Cross, constantly pointing all souls young and old, to Jesus Christ our Savior. That is life.

—Oscar C. Hanson.

A Call To Leaguers To Protest the Liquor Situation

About the time this reaches you, your local Luther League president will receive a suggested letter of protest relative to the liquor situation, to be signed by our leaguers and sent to our dominion authorities. The liquor interests are circulating very insidious propaganda. Hence we who call ourselves Christians and thus as followers of Christ are opposed to those things that make for social and moral degradation, cannot remain silent. We agree that alcohol is not in itself sinful. But we charge that the liquor interests are tools of the devil. For the sake of our youth we must take a definite stand against them and their work.

Satan will use any means to keep the soul of man away from Christ. He loveth not an akakened spirit. A false sense of security, blindness, darkness and error are the very kingdom of the wicked one. — John Bunyan in "Grace Abounding."

When you see Dec. 42, can't you think of what to do?

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